
S O N N E T S A N D O D E S

BY

H. F. C A R Y.

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S O N N E T S A N D O D E S

BY

HENRY FRANCIS CARY,

K

AUTHOR OF AN IRREGULAR ODE TO
GENERAL ELIOTT.

Μολπὰν ταὶ Μοῖσαι μοὶ ἀεὶ ποθέοντι διδοῖεν,

Τὰν γλυκερὰν μολπὰν, τὰς φάρμακον ἄδιον ἔδεν.

BION.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCCLXXXVIII.

ON THE

HENRY FRANKLIN

OF THE

OF THE



TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS.

S O N N E T.

PRAIS'D be the Poet, who the Sonnet-claim,
 Severest of the Orders, that belong,
 Distinct and separate to the Delphic Song,
 Shall reverence; nor it's appropriate name
 Lawless assume. Peculiar is it's frame,
 From him deriv'd who shunn'd the City-Throng,
 And warbled sweet, thy Rocks and Streams among,
 Lonely Valclufa!—and “that Heir of Fame,”
 Our greater Milton, hath by many a lay,
 Wov'n on this arduous model, clearly shown,
 That *English* Verse may happily display
 Those strict energetic measures, that alone
 Deserve the name of Sonnet, and convey
 A grandeur, grace, and spirit, all their own.

Litchfield, Feb. 3, 1788.

ANNA SEWARD.

TO THE SAME.

S O N N E T.

HENRY, since oft the ardors of my strain

To thy young eyes, and kindling fancy gleam,

With somewhat of the vivid hues, that stream

From Poefy's bright Orb, each dusky stain

Shed by dull Critics venal, vex'd, and vain,

Seems recompens'd at full—and so would seem,

Did not maturer sons of Phœbus deem

My verse Aonian. Thou, in time, shalt gain

Like them amidst the letter'd world that sway,

Which makes encomium fame—if thou adorn,

Extend, refine, and dignify thy lay,

And Indolence, and Syren-Pleasures scorn,

Then at high Noon thy genius shall display

The splendors promis'd in it's shining Morn.

S O N N E T S.

S O N N E T I.

TO LAURA.

HOW sweet to roam abroad, when twilight gray
 O'er the dank fields her dusky mantle throws,
 When close the woodbine and the briar rose,
 At the departure of the sinking day!
 Now, my lov'd Laura, let us pensive stray,
 And watch soft-footed Eve to sweet repose
 Lull all Creation! save that wildly flows
 One liquid note from yonder hawthorn spray:
 'Tis the lorn nightingale's enamour'd air,
 That darkling aye begins her plaintive notes,
 When flutters to his moss-enwoven nest
 The gaudy minstrel of the morn—My Fair,
 Here pause awhile, and catch each sound that floats
 On th' wings of Eve—and hush vain thought to rest.

S O N N E T II.

TO MISS SEWARD.

FOR thee the Muse an artless chaplet twines,

As to the lapse of the meand'ring stream

Her wild note she attunes, what time the beam

Of early morn from th' eastern window shines,

Gilding the mountains with long-levell'd lines

Of fluid gold. Oft by the paler gleam

Of Hesper, she pursues her rapt'rous dream,

And inly ruminates the proud designs

Of loftiest Bards :: but as the Village-hind!

The Maid still loves, whose soul-enkindling view

First stole his guileless heart, and fill his mind!

Dwells on her charms; thus still the Muse her due

Pays to thy song, and joys to see entwin'd!

Thy brow, with sweets of Nature's genial hue.

S O N N E T III.

TO THE SAME.

SWEET was the strain, that grac'd thine André's tomb,
 Nor sweeter Milton struck the mournful lyre,
 When he invok'd each Muse with vain desire,
 And call'd the Nymphs to weep his Lycid's doom:
 But brighter does th' immortal chaplet bloom,
 That crowns our Elliott's brow—with mightier fire
 Pindar ne'er burn'd—Proceed, the Epic wife
 Awake, and with a noble pride assume
 That throne assign'd thee in the Muse's Fane,
 The toils of wise Ulysses son invite
 Erroneous, and, Great Maid! as yet the theme
 Unsung—so shall thy glory eclipse the train
 Of female Stars, that deck fair Greece with light,
 And shine for ever with unrivall'd beam.

S O N-

S O N N E T IV.

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

HAYLEY! whose polish'd yet enchanting song
 Oft charms th' attention of mine infant Muse,
 While she, like thine, her flow'ry toil pursues,
 Far from the tumult of the City-throng,
 The meads, the streams, and echoing rocks among,
 Say, what fresh garland of delightful hues
 Twin'ft thou, sweet Bard! fraught with th' ambrosial dews
 Of Poesy, where her wild wave along
 The happy Arun rolls—a classic tide:
 What heavenly theme awakes thy lyre again?
 For though thyself be to my sight denied,
 Yet still I know—I love thee in thy strain,
 Happy shouldst thou, to deathless fame allied,
 Bestow one look on an aspiring swain.

S O N-

SONNET V.

TO shorten the long sultry summer days;

Careless I rovd round Pindus' sacred grove,

And each fair straggling floret pluck'd—and wove

In a many a garland quaint, intent to please

The rural maids and shepherds—but since these,

E'en these can Seward's lov'd attention move;

Nor thou who sitt'st each living Bard above,

O Hayley! crown'd with glory's purest rays,

Though the fond Muse in artless numbers plead,

Disdain'st approbance of her rustic toil;

With higher aim vent'rous I tune the reed,

Nor from the more majestic lyre recoil,

Charm'd that my verse should gain so bright a meed

As Seward's notice, and as Hayley's smile.

S O N N E T VI.

TO THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Esq.

SWIFT! in whose lays that boldness I discern,
 That marks the genuine Poet,—though the age,
 While Folly's dreams it's thoughtless hours engage,
 From thy satyric verse indifferent turn,
 Perchance unwilling it's own faults to learn,
 Clearly depicted in thy laughing page;—
 Yet let not that neglect those fires affuage
 By heaven infus'd, for to thine honor'd urn,
 Praise, now unjustly to thy worth denied,
 Grateful Posterity shall gladly pay,
 And future times record thy fame with pride:
 'Twas that sweet hope illumin'd Milton's way,
 When evil tongues beset on every side,
 And total night had quench'd his visual ray.

S O N-

S O N N E T VII.

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SWEET Poetess! who at still close of day
 Wilt wander oft the woodland shades among,
 Pouring thine unpremeditated song,
 Soft as the nightingale's melodious lay,
 Warbling her wild note from some neighb'ring spray;
 Who on the huddling brook, that toils along,
 Wilt often cast a wistful eye, while throng
 In glancing memory's reflective ray
 The thoughts of, ah! full many an happier scene,
 Now fled alas! and to return no more;
 Should the gay Muse thy troubles sooth awhile,
 Or ease one lonely hour—she not in vain
 Tunes the rude shell, if thou regard'st the lore,
 Kind recompense for all her simple toil.

S O N N E T VIII.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND JOHN HUMBERSTON.

MARK! where, encircled with the prickly thorn,
 Yon infant May-rose hides its dewy head,
 The fresh leaves glow with such enliven'd red,
 As does the cheeks of blushing Spring adorn,
 When She her hoary Sire clings round, new-born,
 And tears the icy chaplet from his head:
 Though the fair flower a musky fragrance spread,
 And shine the rival of the radiant morn,
 Yet do rude briars fence it's beauties round;
 Thus 'fore we reach the height of Poesy,
 My Friend! full many an interwisted briar
 And thorn will in the toilsome way be found:
 Much care and trouble must those mortals try,
 Who to such sweet and heavenly things aspire.

S O N N E T IX.

TO THE SAME.

OFT as beneath her bow'r at random flung,
 Where roses creep, and luscious woodbines flaunt,
 The Muse romantic many a favourite want
 Bears to the willing lyre, she thus has sung,
 While the soft notes responsive echoes rung,
 And bade unholy foot the scene avaunt :
 "Lead me, some Pow'r! to a sequester'd haunt,
 Where oft his golden harp the Bard has strung,
 On Cambria's hills, there in some briar-grown cave
 To pass my days, devoid of worldly care,
 With thee, my friend, who o'er my peaceful grave
 Wilt often shed the tributary tear,
 My gentle name from dark oblivion save,
 And with fresh florets strew my grafs-green bier."

S O N N E T X.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS LISTER.

DEEM not the Muse officious, though thy brow
 With her plain wreath to twine she fondly tries,
 What though not Art inform the varying dyes,
 Yet Nature sure will bid the colors glow.
 "Up the steep hill we arm in arm will go
 The hill of life, whether foul tempests rise,
 Or golden Suns illumine the joyous skies."
 Thus oft we fram'd the amicable vow,
 What time the friendly star of Hesper pale,
 That o'er the dim grove cast its silver gleam,
 Lit our flow footsteps through the devious dale:
 Oh! may these scenes be no illusive dream!
 Nor let our simple lives together fail
 To flow, one lucid and unruffled stream!

S O N-

S O N N E T. XI.

TO THE SAME.

LISTER, shall we, who when the flow'ry plain
 Bright Spring adorn'd, oft trac'd the ambrosial way,
 Or when the Summer pour'd his ardent ray,
 Or Autumn 'gan with dusky purple stain
 The viny clusters, oft have social lain
 Beneath the shade, and charm'd the hours away
 In sweet discourse, shall we a joyless day
 Refuse help waste, now Winter's wild domain
 Rages unbounded, and the forest strews
 Its wither'd foliage? while with studious eye
 We explore the records of the ancient Muse,
 That decorate fair Greece or Italy,
 Or those of later times, as rich? Who use
 Life thus, live many times before they die.

S O N N E T XII.

TO THE SAME.

THOUGH sweet as ever smiles the jocund spring,
 And the freak'd flow'rs as fair and fragrant blow,
 Though songsters warble from each vocal bough,
 And woods and echoing rocks with rapture ring;
 Yet can these scenes to me no pleasure bring:
 In vain the flow'rs display their gaudy glow,
 In vain the birds their artless carols sing,
 Whilst thou art absent, who didst only know
 To sooth my sorrow, or my joy to raise,
 Intent to trace the toilsome paths of gain,
 Thou quitt'st the flow'ry mazes of the Muse,
 To whose lov'd pow'r I vow my peaceful days,
 Yet deem I fondly thou wilt not refuse,
 Or turn a cold ear to thy Cary's strain.

S O N-

SIX O N N E T XIII.

SAY, why, my Pipe, though Laura's graceful hand

With wreathes of hyacinth has made thee gay,

Why art thou mute, now while the frolic May

Pours her sweet treasures o'er the smiling land?

Why art thou mute, that oft with whispers bland

Hast charm'd soft Eve to listen to thy lay,

When she with solemn step and mantle gray

Wav'd o'er the woodland wilds her poppied wand?

Alas too well the cause of all thy woe

I guess—that youth has left our joyless plain,

(May Fate befriend him wheresoe'er he go!)

Who wont alone to praise thy rustic strain;

Though absent, he (fond Hope would have it so)

Still sometimes thinks upon a friendly swain.

S O N N E T XIV.

TO FANCY.

O Fancy! thou, who to the piercing eye
 Of Milton, oft hast op'd thy magic reign,
 And when the moon led on the starry train,
 Caught up the old prophetic Bard on high;
 Nor didst thy mystic-woven cest deny
 To the wild * Arun's solitary swain,
 That knew each solemn air, each soothing strain,
 And every secret maze of harmony;
 Whether in heavenly vision rapt I sleep,
 Around my head thy waving wings display,
 Or whether when the bright-hair'd morn to peep
 Begins, along the rose-strew'd vale I stray,
 Or in a storm climb up some ridgy steep,
 Still guide my path, still rule my wand'ring lay.

* Collins.

S O N N E T XV.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O Hesper! thou that dost as far outshine
 Each twinkling gem, that gilds the brow of night,
 As the full orb of Cynthia, silver-bright,
 In radiant majesty eclipses thine;
 Deign now to cast thy level-streaming line
 From yon rude-frowning pine-tree's hoary height,
 And kindly guide with thine auspicious light,
 To their wish'd bourn, these wand'ring feet of mine.
 I for no deadly purpose ask thine aid,
 No lonesome traveller, wilder'd in his way,
 I go to plunder in the secret shade,
 Sweet star! I only ask thy gentle ray
 To lead me to the Nymph I love.—Canst thou,
 The Star of Love, refuse a Lover's vow?

S O N N E T XVI.

TO PITY.

MILD Pity! Sister thou of rose-lip'd Love,
 Who when an infant child wast rudely laid,
 Alone, beneath a wild and desert shade,
 Till, sent by the kind genius of the grove,
 With fond essays a gentle red-breast strove
 To heap of flow'rs a soft elysian bed,
 Whereon to pillow thine unfriended head,
 And shield thee from the piercing blasts, that drove
 Along the howling forest—while I live
 Be thou my Friend; teach me from Sorrow's eye
 Often to wipe away the starting tear,
 And ne'er refuse' with misery to heave
 The sympathetic groan; nor, when I die,
 Fail thou to shed one drop upon my bier.

S O N N E T XVII.

THE DEDICATION OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

TO this enchanting harp, ye Spirits! throng,
 That in the liquid fields of Ether play,
 Here throng, and raise the sweetly-varied lay,
 Ye gently-breathing gales!—Heard you how rung
 That hollow found the mutt'ring strings among,
 And how the thrilling murmurs died away?
 And now it swells, it bursts!—with wild dismay,
 Some hoary Bard thus throws the chords along,
 His hand bewilder'd, rapt in heav'nly dream,—
 And now it drops, and all is hush'd again.
 Oh! with such wood-wild music should my lays
 Artless resound, I envy not the swain,
 O'er whose soft numbers Art her tinsel beam
 Irradiate sheds.—Be Nature sole my praise.

S O N N E T XVIII.

CYNTHIA, bright Queen! unveil thy silver light,
 Or thou the Evening Lamp of Hesper fair,
 That won'tst to love benighted traveller,
 Unveil, and pity now a wand'ring wight
 Forlorn—Mercy! what spectre blasts my sight,
 Pointing to yon black gloom with red arm bare?
 And now what howlings rend the midnight air,
 And echo through the empty vault of night?—
 Soft! 'tis but Fancy's pow'r, her troubled dream
 Of erring spirits, that in mad career
 O'erleap their firey bounds—Oh! for a gleam
 From some thatch'd cot, to guard my foot, when near
 The miry pool, till morn with chearful beam
 Arise, and o'er the murky mountains peer!

S O N N E T XIX.

WHEN the pale moon-beam dances on the wave,
 And streams the lustre o'er the chequer'd glade,
 At that lone hour, when the griev'd Lover, laid
 On the green dewy sod, decks Lucy's grave
 With many a floret fresh, and oft will rave,
 Poor moon-struck wretch! on the too luckless maid,
 Then, Fancy, lead me to some yew-tree's shade,
 Waving at the entrance of a shaggy cave:
 There let me sit, and gaze thy visions wild,
 And string my harp to such sad notes of woe,
 As shall, by help of thy sure magic spell,
 Arouze from death thine every favorite child,
 And cause before mine eyes the bards to go,
 In slow accordance to the sounding shell.

S O N N E T. XX.

BENEATH this beech, whose roots fantastic creep
 Around the bubbling fountain's rusky brink,
 On this moss'd seat reclin'd, oh! let me think
 On the hard toils of life's too arduous steep,
 And as the red-breast through the boughs does peep,
 Or at my foot his crystal bev'rage drink,
 Watch, when perchance my trembling float may sink,
 Caught by the witless tenants of the deep:
 This sacred haunt unholy foot beware,
 Let no unhallow'd eye the scene prophane,
 For nightly to the wildly-warbled air,
 Here the light fairies tread the dewy plain,
 Here free from empty pomp and busy care,
 A raptur'd Poet pours his rural strain.

S O N-

S O N N E T XXI.

TO this clear Fount, ye youths and maidens gay,
 Rifling the treasures of the balmy spring,
 Each year of earlieft sweets fresh garlands bring,
 For mark where'er it's crystal waters stray,
 How the green meadows wear the smile of May,
 And here when Sol his flaring beam does fling,
 And hums the gad-fly on his fultry wing,
 Your panting herds avoid the madd'ning ray.
 Glide on, sweet stream, glide on, and as you flow,
 May loveliest florets ever grace your banks,
 O'er your pure wave may the pale willow bow,
 And lightly tripping through their twilight ranks,
 When Cynthia shall her silver mantle throw,
 Here elves and fairies play their midnight pranks.

S O N N E T XXII.

WHILE this gay scene my raptur'd eye surveys,
 Whether it rove, where the fair harvest flows
 In full luxuriance, or the vintage glows
 In purple pride, or by the woods wild maze
 Where the meand'ring river slowly strays,—
 Not one sweet object such delight bestows,
 As yonder maiden, like the blushing rose,
 Blown by the summer sun's prevailing rays:
 She clad in ruffet stole, a pittance scant
 Asks,—but what's scatter'd from the well-bound sheaf;
 With this perchance she chaces winter's want,
 With this relieves her gray-hair'd mother's grief,
 Heaven guard that hand, Love bless that gentle heart,
 That hand that knows no guile, and breast no art.

SONNET XXIII.

WHILE bleaky Winter's blast drives from the plain

Each lovely Nymph, and rosy-dimpled Grace,

That now no longer sportive love to trace

The mazy round; where shall the lonely swain,

Who erst enraptur'd fung in rural strain

Of mead, and shady dell, and each fair place,

That Nature sporting in her happiest vein,

Bade the gay valley or green mountain grace,

To what lone cavern shall he now retire,

Far from the dreary scene? Cease, Muse! oh! cease

The fond complaint: While Love attunes the lyre,

Or Friendship asks the lay, I sing at ease,

What though the howling storm without conspire,

Still in my bosom reigns unclouded peace.

E

SON-

SONNET XXIV.

ON A BIRD DESTROYED BY THE SEVERITY OF THE WINTER.

SWEET Bird! that oft with many an artless trill

My listening ear hast charm'd, what time soft Eve

With dewy fingers did her mantle weave

Of darkeſt grain, and nought ſave the hoarſe rill,

That murm'ring labors down the pebbled hill,

Was hear'd, or tinklings of the flocks, that leave

The upland gray—what Fate did thee bereave

Of life, poor tuneful innocent! that ſtill

Chanted'ſt thy ſong beneath the beechen ſhade,

Unharm'd? Winter has play'd the foe, I ween,

Yet if it aught atone, where thou art laid,

Flow'rs ſhall be ſtrewn, and fairies often ſeen

By ſome belated hind; her little aid

The Muſe will lend, and moralize the ſcene.

S O N N E T XXV.

BLEST scenes! where I far from the world's loud roar,
 With love's sweet cares have many an hour beguil'd,
 While the kind Muse on all my labors smil'd
 Benign, perhaps in some few winters more,
 I all your favorite haunts may wander o'er,
 And call to mind how oft, while yet a child,
 I woke your Echoes to my warblings wild,
 Form'd garlands gay beneath my secret bower;
 And Fancy still invok'd, to aid me twine
 The wreath fantastic, and adorn the lay.
 Then shall I dwell with rapture half divine,
 On these fair days—that now glide swift away
 Unheeded—Few the present moment prize,
 The past how many view with wishful eyes!

S O N N E T XXVL

I Ask not riches, and I ask not pow'r,
 Nor in her revel rout shall Pleasure view
 Me ever, a far sweeter Nymph I wooe,—
 Hail, sweet Retirement, lead me to thy bower,
 Where fair Content has spread her loveliest flower,
 Of more enduring, though less gaudy hue,
 Than Pleasure scatters to her giddy crew,
 Nor let aught break upon thy sacred hour,
 Save some true friend, of pure congenial soul,
 To such the latchet of my wicker gate
 Let me lift freely, glad to share the dole,
 Fortune allows me, whether small or great,
 And a warm heart, that knows not the control
 Of Fortune, and defies the frown of Fate,

S O N N E T XXVII.

OFT do I burn to snatch the Epic Lyre,
 And from it's strings to call such potent lays,
 As may the wide world fill with dumb amaze,
 And rank me in that bright celestial choir
 Of Bards, who sung Achilles' fatal ire,
 The pious Trojan wand'ring through the seas,
 Or, o far nobler theme! the woeful days
 Of our prime parents. Yet my vain desire
 Still would the Muse restrain—She to the * wave,
 On which the volant youth bestow'd a name,
 Points timid. Scarce my sixteenth summer dawns!
 Degrading thought!—Then, ye vain dreams of Fame,
 Away—what higher guerdon can I crave,
 If my song charm the Nymphs and rustic fauns?

* The Icarian Sea.

S O N N E T XXVIII.

AS if a Pilgrim, who has all the day
 O'er many a cheerless wild been fain to rove,
 Haply should rest beneath some sheltring grove,
 He th' rose and woodbine into garlands gay
 Weaving, may charm awhile his cares away,—
 Thus I, sweet Poesy! thy flow'rs have wove,
 Thus courted Friendship and beguiling Love,
 To sooth the troubles of Life's dreary way.
 How short a space to man does Nature deal!
 Grant me, ye Pow'rs! to spend that little well,
 Grant that, retir'd to some sequester'd vale,
 I all day long may tune my votive shell,
 And, when at length Life's ebbing currents fail,
 Some friendly Bard may found my pious knell.

When I wrote the above, I was not conscious of the striking resemblance it bears to the former part of Mrs. C. Smith's thirty-sixth Sonnet.— C.

O D E S.

O D E S

O D E I.

ON THE SPRING.

ATTENDED by the laughing Hours,
The joyous Spring again

Rises from her elysian bowers

Of never-fading green ;

While, shedding fragrance through the air,

The Zephyrs waft her rosy car,

And, as in throned state she goes,

Each various flow'r of lovely hue,

The primrose pale, and violet blue,

From her full lap she throws.

The Fairies now by fountain brim

Their wakeful revels keep,

When Cynthia's lustre, wan and dim ;

Sleeps on the limpid deep ;

F

And

And to the lonely list'ning vale
 Sad Philomela pours her tale,
 The meads, the streams, the rocks among;
 While Echo from her airy shell,
 Through winding wood, and tangled dell,
 Returns the witching song.

Now wakes the univerfal grove,
 While o'er the ruffling plume,
 Shot by the enliv'ning hand of Love,
 Expands a brighter bloom;
 Some to the glowing fun unfold,
 Their ruffet wings bedropt with gold,
 In circles some the ether cleave;
 While others by the gurgling rill,
 On graffy bank, with patient bill,
 Their mossy texture weave.

Ah,

Ah, what avails that glossy dye,
 That smooths your plumage bland,
 That pow'r of melting harmony?
 Alas! the gelid hand
 Of winter neither knows to spare
 The gay, the tuneful, or the fair,
 But all an equal lot await;
 Nor Art nor Loveliness can save
 It's destin'd victim from the grave,
 Or stay the arm of Fate.

Though mild his manners, sweet his song,
 On drear Cocytus' shore,
 Hayley must join the ghostly throng,
 Where Gray is gone before;
 And Seward though her eye diffuse,
 As living radiance as her Muse,

Must find her every charm decay.

If on such hasty wings it flies,

The wisest he, who best employs

The transitory day.

O D E II.

TO INSPIRATION.

INSPIRATION! bright-ey'd Dame,
 Whene'er with zeal the lyre I feize,
 Do thou direct, and rule it's lays,
 And o'er it shed thy hallow'd flame.
 Whether thou lovest best to dwell
 In some old Hermit's cloister'd cell,
 Where along the mould'ring stone,
 With moss and blades of grass o'ergrown,
 The clustering ivy crawls;
 And oft from its extremest height,
 Loud thund'ring through the vault of night,
 The shatter'd fragment falls:

For

For thee let me desert each joy
 Of life, that pleases but to cloy,
 For thee renounce the dreams of noise and Folly,
 Wooing the dove-ey'd Peace and penfive Melancholy.
 Duly let me ling'ring steal
 Along the lonely mountain's side,
 With many a straggling violet pied,
 And many an early primrose pale,
 What time the morn from eye-lids gray,
 Scatters a few faint drops of day;
 And each hollow gust, that blows,
 Serenely whispers soft repose,
 And lulls the foul to ease;
 Nor let me when the evening spreads
 "A browner horror" o'er the shades
 Slowly forget to pace

Through

Through the high forest's deepest gloom,
Till night her ebon throne assume,
And o'er me her oblivious poppies shed,
While many an angel form floats round my slumb'ring
head.

If thou lov'st the meads to haunt,
Where Avon winds her wizard stream,
Then wrap me in romantic dream;
And let prophaner step avaunt,
While Fancy on her Shakespeare's tomb,
Sprinkles each flow'r of brightest bloom,
And to knit the mazy dance,
Bids her light fays and elves advance
From their etherial bow'rs;
Joining the loose fantastic throng,
The Pleasures raise the festive song,
The rosy-crowned Hours

Scatter

Scatter their richest fragrance round,
 Till rising from his sleep profound,
 The Bard himself beholds the lovely choir,
 And to Orphean notes awakes the warbling lyre.
 Or should some sequester'd feat
 Delight thee more, on rocky steep,
 'Gainst which the hoarse-resounding deep,
 And howling tempests constant beat,
 Oft let me at the midnight hour,
 Be seen in solitary tow'r,
 Watching every star that glows,
 If I at length may chance disclose
 Each spell and mutter'd air.
 Bright Maid ! whatever feat Thou chuse,
 Still let the labors of my Muse
 Thy kindest influence share,

So

So ever with accordant heat,
 Each sympathetic breast shall beat,
 And as my strain she views with ardent eyes,
 Presiding Nature give the wreath that Art denies.

O D E.

I. 1.

THE Man, on whom the genial Muse
 Has at his birth propitious smil'd,
 And nurtur'd with her fost'ring dews
 The heav'nly-favor'd child,
 That happy Man shall ne'er be seen
 Amid the ruthless din of war,
 Where horror stalks in wildest mien,
 To guide the rattling car,
 His humble brow no olive wreath shall crown,
 That to the skies exalts a mortal in renown.

I. 2.

His mind no fordid Thirst of Gain,
 No dread of Penury possess,

He

He ne'er shall tempt the fickle main,
 In search of Happiness;
 Not false Unkindness' changeful hue
 Shall his indignant cheek deform,
 Nor fallow Envy e'er embrew
 The bosom's inward storm;
 But Peace and Calmness bless his tranquil soul,
 While each wild Passion hears the Muse's soft control.

3. I.

As a clear stream, that slowly glides
 Through many a winding vale, and nodding grove,
 While where'er it's waters rove,
 Brighter verdure decks it's sides,
 Laughing flow'rs more fragrant blow,
 And the fair harvest richer seems to glow;
 Thus through the peaceful vale of Life,
 Shall he steal on unconscious of decay,

Unruffled by the storms of strife,
Pure as the beam, that gilds the golden day,
While Poesy and Nature fondly strew
His simple way, with sweets of Pleasure's vivid hue.

II. I.

Methinks I hear some Sage reply,
Deep-vers'd in Science rigid lore;
"What then shall Man, but born to die,
Thus waste Life's little store,
In vain delusion's empty dreams;
While levell'd at his native land,
The sword of dire Destruction gleams,
And calls a patriot hand?
Shall he exempted from it's cares and strife,
Be free to taste alone the peaceful sweets of life?"

II. 2.

II. 2.

Cease, nor the sacred Muse prophane;
 Each has his lot by Jove decreed.
 Though one on Honor's warlike plain,
 Be nobly doom'd to bleed,
 Unless some raptur'd Bard rehearse
 The triumphs won on Honor's field,
 In songs of never-fading verse,
 No meed his labors yeild,
 Whelm'd in the tide of blank oblivion's stream,
 While Time's relentless hand quenches each vital gleam.

II. 3.

On the broad Heaven's etherial plain,
 What wondrous fires, what various signs appear,
 Crowning bright the circling year!
 Say what tongue shall dare arraign,

The

The supreme omniscient Soul,
 At whose command the appointed Planets roll?
 For though the groffer mortal eye,
 In the revolving orbs no order find,
 Yet as in mystic dance the sky
 They round, each has his feveral part assign'd;
 Though the Sun shine with more resplendent light,
 Yet the pale Moon and Stars illumine the vault of night.

T H E E N D.